

Songs for All Seasons



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CORA C. BASS.

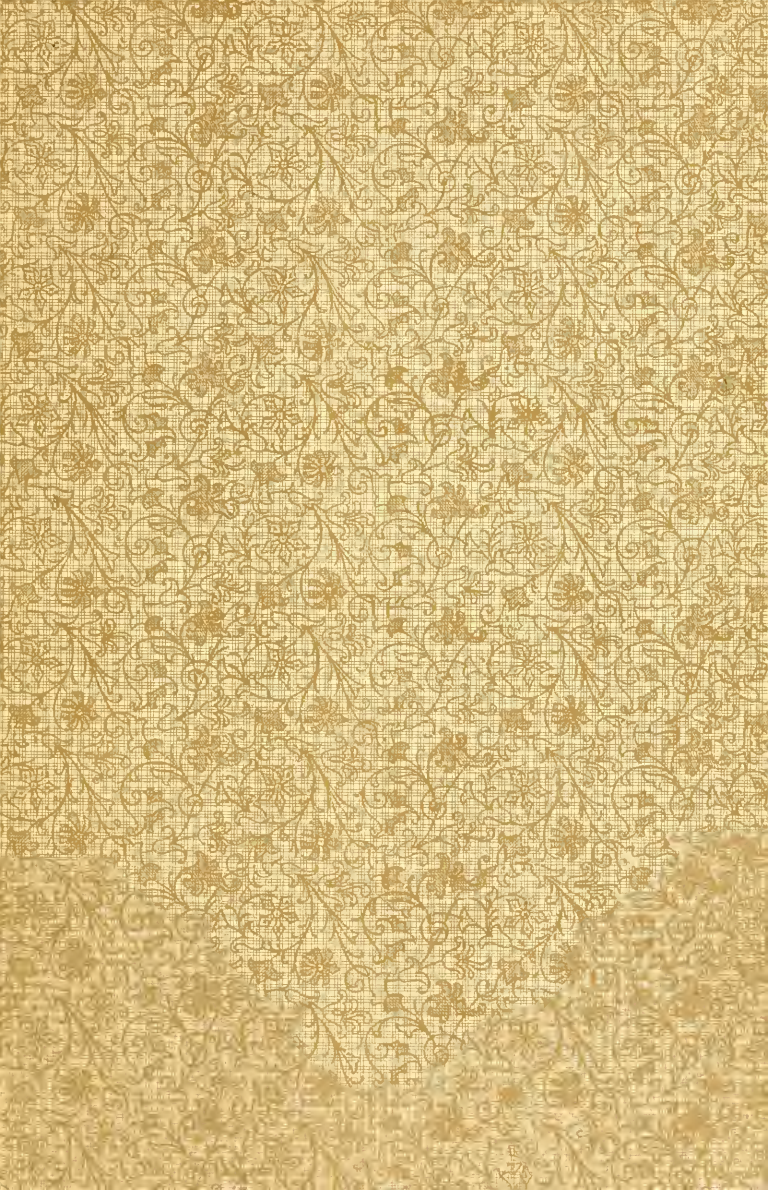


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Songs for All Seasons

and

Other Poems.

Best wishes of the season to each and every one;
May the fairest gifts attend thee till the day of time is done,
Flow thy lives as smoothly as the tide of Heavenly love,
And sweetest songs be given to the King of Kings above.

By

Cora C. Bass.

LOWELL, MASS.
THE LAWLER PRINTING COMPANY.
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PREFACE.

Thanks are due to The New York Observer, Zion's Herald, The Standard, Boston Transcript, Portland Transcript, New England Home Magazine and others.

I would also take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to the many friends who gave so kindly a welcome to my first book of poems.

CORA C. BASS.

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Songs for All Seasons.

SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS.

Songs for all seasons, thrice welcome,
And grateful they are to the ear;
The rhythmical ring of each measure
As the voice of the wood-thrush is clear.
We hear the first note of the springtime,
And quickly our hearts are attune
With melodies pulsing around us,
Till Winter, himself, is as June.

Songs for all seasons, we love them,
The harmonies borne on the breeze.
We love the deep tones of the billows,
The brisk, busy, hum of the bees.
The harvesting songs they are pleasant,
The scent of the harvest, how sweet!
Yet never a song of the seasons
With winter's own song can compete.

BRAVELY DO AND BRAVELY BEAR.

I will bravely do and bravely bear
Whatever God may send,
Well knowing He will ease my care
And His true child defend.
I will bravely do and bravely bear,
Yea, strive to do my best,
Whether the way be dark or fair,
And leave to Him the rest.

THE WAVES OF CHANCE.

Buffeted by the waves of chance,
 Uncertain what to do,
 We sail the sea of circumstance
 A voyage ever new,
 The beacon light too often hid,
 On which we could rely,
 Can Hope betray us? God forbid!
 The haven still is nigh.

Buffeted by the waves of chance,
 Without the compass — choice,
 Neglecting when we should advance
 The one directing voice;
 Bewildered by the blinding spray
 We fail to count the cost,
 And court the dangers of delay
 When reckonings are lost.

Buffeted by the waves of chance,
 Rejecting what is best,
 We scan the billows' wild expanse
 An eager, ceaseless quest.
 The faithful pilot we have missed,
 No fault of his, our own;
 It means destruction to desist, —
 We battle on alone.

Buffeted by the waves of chance,
 Not knowing where to land,
 We need a keen, unerring glance,
 A firm, a steadfast hand.
 The ship of life triumphant glides
 Past doubt's delusive reef,
 And joyfully at anchor rides
 In yon fair bay — Belief.

PRECIOUS SEED.

If no one planted precious seed
 How barren all the land would be,
 North and south and east and west,
 Never plenty, never rest;
 For a harvest rich and free,
 Vain to plead.

Be ready, all along the way,
 To seek the motive power of life;
 Free to sow, to garner in,
 Love its sure reward will win.
 Undismayed by doubt or strife,
 Work away.

If each man did the best he could
 In winter as in summer time;
 By pleasure's side, on sorrow's brink,
 His life chain forging link by link;
 Easy it would be to climb,
 Doing good.

 OURS IS THE CHOICE.

Most gracious choice!
 What is a soul without a voice?
 A noble thought develops noble deeds,
 Words give thought freedom, words are wings,
 Deft carriers of mysterious things
 Too glorious to behold;
 They bear swift witness to our needs
 And make the true heart bold,
 To mirror forth in language quaint.
 The image fancy cannot paint.

THE SUM OF LIFE.

Day by day the weeks go by,
 Month by month the swift years fly,
 Hour by hour we work, we live,
 Love and labor, gain and give.

Taking blessings as they come,
 In the total find life's sum ;
 Bind as in a volume vast,
 Read the future by the past.

Only reaching heights sublime,
 Willing step by step to climb ;
 Wealth to which a soul succeeds
 Is to what the present leads.

BUILD.

How much can we hope to win, while we merely sit
 and plan?

It is better far to build, just building the best we
 can.

And pleasant it is to build though the building itself
 is small,

Though many a builder fail and many a building
 fall.

It is ever the willing hands are sure to accomplish
 most ;

It is ever the truthful lips are least inclined to boast ;

It is ever the loving heart, is the safest heart to trust ;

Let us build because we may, and not because we
 must.

THE PERFECT SONG.

Shall we not gladly sing the song
 A fainting heart to cheer?
 Although the path is dark and long
 Some saving help is near.
 There is no hill so hard to climb
 We may not reach the top;
 It were a needless waste of time
 To stop.

Shall we not gladly sing the song
 To speed men on their way,
 And swell the throng, the happy throng,
 Swift pressing on to-day?
 Which would we choose, to bravely sing
 The while we do our best,
 Or to an idle fancy cling
 And rest?

In the refrain of one sweet song
 Each silent voice we miss.
 A song to make the feeble strong,
 A song to breathe of bliss.
 The song which white robed seraphs hold
 All other songs above;
 The perfect song, the new, the old,
 Of Love.

SUNSHINE.

There is plenty of sunshine in the world
 To brighten the darkest days;
 Are we sailing on with our colors furled,
 Or spread to the cheering rays?
 Are we sailing on with downcast eyes,
 Or eyes on the gleaming goal?
 Safe is the trip of the ship of the skies
 Though the waves of the clouds rough roll.

"IT IS GOD'S WAY."

Rest, kindly heart, content to say

"It is God's way,

His will be done."

Thrice blessed thought,

With bliss enwrought,

For Freedom's son.

Rest, kingly soul, inspired to say

"It is God's way,

His will be done."

While nations weep

And vigil keep,

Thy course is run.

Rest, martyr, lo! we hear thee say:—

"It is God's way,

His will be done."

"Nearer to Thee,"

Oh, tender plea,

The crown is won.

TIME.

When there is urgent need for haste

Can we move slow?

Let precious moments run to waste

A chance forego?

Achievement's dizzy heights alone

Stand forth sublime;

There is no penance to atone

For loss of time.

MAY.

From southern climes, O swiftly wing thy way
 And pour thy symphonies in cadence sweet
 Upon the air. 'Tis done, and at thy feet
 Forget-me-nots soft nestle in the spray
 Fresh scattered by the dew-drops in their play:
 Ay, even over echo's proud retreat,
 Monadnoc, lies thy handiwork complete;
 All hail thee, gentle queen,—benignant May!

May, brilliant May, with arbutus adorned;
 Fairer than life itself when hope prevails;
 Thy minstrels pipe in peace from yon blue pond,
 Where water-lilies spread their airy sails,
 And feathered songsters wake the wood beyond
 With notes more ringing sweet than nightingale's.

For what is England's silver-throated bird
 The heart of free America to thrill;
 When robin's merry strain, the lark's wild trill,
 Fall on the fainting faith like some fond word
 From lips beloved, that other days have heard,—
 Which spurred the lagging feet to climb the hill,
 That ere the "sweet note" fell forgot their will
 And marveled—what the feeble steps deterred.

Then, as on zephyr wing the summons came,
 It cheered the soul triumphant on its way;
 It fanned the "spark celestial" to a flame
 Which shimmered through the night's bewildered
 gray
 To glow about the One All-Blessed Name,
 And write in lines of gold: "Hail! Bonny May!"

MAN AND THE MIST.

He cannot sweep away the mist
 However he may toil,
Content to weary years persist
 It would his efforts foil.
There is a place of vision clear
 Where earth and sky are blending,
Impelling him to persevere,
 From height to height ascending.

How good it is when man can rise
 Above the mist-hung valley,
He must, who on his worth relies,
 To his own rescue rally.
He murmurs not at rocks ahead
 But vaulting lightly o'er them,
Will triumph over foemen dread
 Or better yet ignore them.

Not seeking to the mist dispel
 Thus precious moments wasting,
He marvels not that others fell
 While upward, onward, hasting.
He hears the sound on ev'ry hand
 Of people vainly shouting,
But knowing where he soon may stand
 Gives not a thought to doubting.

He pushes on with heart athrill;
 Though weaker souls may taunt him,
Succeed he must, succeed he will,
 No obstacle can daunt him.
There is a place for all who climb
 He cannot fail to find it,
The mist must veil a truth sublime
 For there's the sun behind it.

THE FLOWERS.

Weary and ill,
 Fair messengers and sweet
 They healthful thoughts and gracious hopes entreat,
 Fragrant out breathings from some balmy hill,
 Fresh from their sky-domed, leafy bowers,
 Thrice blessed flowers!

Oppressive walls
 Instinctively expand,
 And sunny fields unfold on either hand,
 As singing rills repeat the blithe bird calls.
 We walk in breezy woodland bowers,
 Seeing the flowers.

The burdened brain
 Submissive to their spell
 Is quick to heed the gentle tale they tell :
 No baby blossom ever blooms in vain.
 Borne from their dreamy, dewy bowers ;
 Cherish the flowers.

RECOMPENSE.

After the shadows, sunshine ;
 Quiet after the pain ;
 Light for the mountain passes
 And for the desert rain.
 After the shadows, sunshine,
 After the failure, success ;
 Never a pleasure is taken
 But something is given to bless.

THE WAY.

The way may be rough,
 And our footsteps may falter,
 Though foeman rebuff,
 The right cannot alter;
 As upward we climb
 Each trouble outbraving,
 More sweet and sublime
 Is the boon we are craving.

The way may be long,
 And the day may be dreary;
 The world is not wrong
 Because we are weary.
 A cloud may annoy,
 But soon shall we read it
 By light of the joy
 And the peace that succeed it.

 A SONG.

A song makes merry music 'mid the hills,
 Like laughing rills.
 On heaven's bright sea its echo lingers long,
 Love is a song.
 A quenchless melody given to inspire
 The fainting heart with bold, ambitious fire;
 Springing from out the life,
 As pain is born of strife.
 A sweet conception of the joy to be,
 Delightful, free.
 Gladly our lips take up the winsome strain
 And make the meaning of its birthright plain.

THE MISSING SHIP.

Any news yet of the missing ship?

Any news yet? we say;

A household word on every lip,

The name of that ship to-day:

The name of the ship who left her dock

In the blush of the early morn,

Has she struck, unknown, on some cruel rock

With never a voice to warn?

Any news yet of the missing ship?

Any news yet? we cry;

We speak her name with a trembling lip,

To her aid we fain would fly.

Adrift at mercy of wind and wave;

Storm spent on a desolate shore:—

May there be one guardian hand to save,

'Mid the billows rush and roar.

Any news yet of the missing ship?

Any news yet? we sigh;

We speak her name with a timid lip,

And pray for a kind reply.

For life and death in a moment blend,

Who ever the captain may be;

We never can tell how a trip will end,

When a ship puts out to sea.

TRANQUILITY.

We well may keep a tranquil mind
 Whatever changes meeting,
 The world is happier we find
 For ev'ry pleasant greeting.
 How easy then to work away
 At each new problem set us,
 For even on the darkest day
 Some gleam of hope has met us.

There is no hill so hard to climb,
 We may not reach the summit;
 There is no task, but patience, time,
 Will grandly overcome it.
 We cannot look for light in vain,
 Behold it all around us;
 Perplexing paths shall be made plain,
 When victory has crowned us.

NO DUTY IS TOO DIFFICULT TO DO.

Attentive to the work the will requires
 The hand achieves the task the heart desires;
 No duty is too difficult to do,
 The end in view.

The end in view, if hope, or love, it be;
 Content, when it can set a brother free;
 Or bid him move rejoicing on his way
 The while 'tis day.

Attentive to the work the will requires,
 The hand perfects the task the heart desires.
 No duty is too difficult to do,
 The end in view.

" OLD YEAR, ADIEU."

A happy measure smites the ear.
It peaaleth full, it peaaleth clear ;
And at the "witching hour" of night,
Awakes a rapture of delight.

Across the land, across the sea,
The merry strain is borne along ;
While even seraphs bend the knee
Before the majesty of song.

Old Year—alas, we cannot stay
Thy eager footsteps for a day ;
Thy work is done, and thou shalt go,
A rival is at hand we know.

Across the land, across the sea,
The merry strain is borne along ;
Ah ! surely it is bliss to flee
Upon the pinions of a song.

Hark !—clear and strong and full and free,
I hear the bells saluting thee ;
They seem to say "Old Year, adieu"—
And "halleluiah" to the New.

Across the land, across the sea,
The merry peal is borne along,
And all the world must happy be
To hear the oft-repeated song.

WASHINGTON.

'Twas Christmas eve, the enemy his vigilance for once
relaxed;
Well might such gusts of angry sleet the keenest zeal
have overtaxed.

The ice thronged Deleware ran bleak, but friendly,
to the distant bay,
While to and fro upon his beat the sentry took his
patient way.

A gallant force full often tried was swiftly plying
mattock, spade,
While those who first should stem the tide, moved
calmly forth as on parade.

They met in silence, halted, marched, the merest
motion a command,
A raging river rolled before; the "Lion" hungered
near at hand.

The watchfires gleaming through the mist seemed
saying:—Courage! men, good cheer.
None may suppose while bright we burn, that not a
soldier lingers near.

The hero faced a bank of gloom, it spoke security,
success.
He saw the country free and felt a glow of holy hap-
piness.

Within the measure of a breath he saw the revolution
o'er,
He saw Mount Vernon smile in peace above the blue
Potomac's shore.

But happy times were yet to come, a grim invader
walked the land,

Oh that he might by one dread blow bid yonder
Hessian horde disband.

The frost lay white upon his brow, the blizzard raved,
he heeded not,

No hand but God's should stand between his army
and the goal it sought.

And so he crossed the Delaware, a lesser man had
quailed to view,

He crossed it, for full well he knew how brave his
men although how few.

The boat was faithful to its trust, it bore him
slowly, surely, o'er;

And scorned to heed the groaning mass that pressed
upon it more and more.

So victor crowned, at early morn, through Trenton's
smoke hung streets he passed,

Like one, who after weary days, has caught a
glimpse of home at last.

He passed in triumph, passed to find, though other
battles loomed before,

That monarchy, could not again, in this free land
her loss restore.

COMRADES.

Comrades, yea comrades in war and comrades in
peace,

Comrades when bugles were sounding a blessed re-
lease;

Comrades when bullets were whistling and death
rode in sight,

Comrades 'mid battle and conquest and comrades
to-night.

Comrades when many a river ran red with blood,
Comrades when war swept us on with the force of a
flood;

Comrades when charging the fortress each fain would
be first;

Comrades where thickest and fiercest the hissing
shells burst.

Comrades, even as in the great conflicts of yore,
Comrades with danger behind us and danger before;
Comrades when tempests of sorrow were shrouding
the sky,

Comrades to suffer and conquer, or suffer and die.

CHARACTER.

Armed with reason, braced by knowledge,

Surely such a one is king;

Ready in his honest manhood

For whatever fate may bring.

Public spirited, courageous,

Gauging chances at their best;

Let his character commend him,

Time will gladly do the rest.

WHAT IS THERE TO BE THANKFUL FOR?

“What is there to be thankful for?”

I think I hear you say:

Hope is a happy counsellor

When clouds hang dull and gray;

The sky is dark, the way is long,

The hours move sad and slow;

A fitting time for one sweet song

To set the heart aglow.

A fitting time for one sweet song

To echo far and wide,

The sky is dark, the way is long,

My strength is sorely tried.

Though dark the sky and long the way,

I'll keep love's armor bright.

Still singing, through the night, the day,

I know God's will is right.

How oft the eager pulse must thrill

To robin's liquid note;

A merry tune, the May-buds trill

'Neath winter's shielding coat.

There sounds a gracious hymn of praise

From ev'ry living thing;

Because the sun refuse its rays

Can I refuse to sing?

Can I refuse to sing when some

Might find the timid strain

More powerful than trump or drum,

And swell the glad refrain?

Lo, Christ has made me free to rise

From man's forlorn estate,

To look beyond the stormy skies

And see the pearly gate.

What is there to be thankful for?
 A will that would obey;
 A soul that stands as conqueror,
 And this, that I may pray.
 Lo, Christ has made me free to rise
 From man's forlorn estate,
 I look beyond the stormy skies
 And see the pearly gate.

LIFE'S TEMPLE.

How shall we plan life's temple? With a height
 divine,
 Wherein rare workmanship and worth combine;
 Or low and rambling, that the prisoned soul
 May trace no semblance of the wondrous whole,
 To which its hopes so eagerly aspire?
 We can but fashion what we most admire.

How shall we plan life's temple? By design complete,
 Which on the world's highway we fain would meet;
 Then ere Night dons her star-encrusted veil
 To silent journey over hill and dale,
 The dream of youth, at least, may proudly stand—
 An ideal structure in an ideal land.

How shall we build life's temple? Build it stone on
 stone
 And ever build, no part abides alone.
 We labor vainly if we fail to know
 A firm foundation though 'tis builded slow,
 Is built to stand, when hearts are bold to dare
 And bound to conquer as to do and bear.

WHAT DO WE OWE OUR FRIENDS?

What do we owe our friends? We owe them love, not
fear,

Love that the closer clings when storms are near;
Love that shall speak in eye, in voice, in hand,
And steadfast stand.

What do we owe our friends but loyalty and trust?
Forever faithful, sympathetic, just;
A peerless comforter, and shield and guide,
Whate'er betide.

What do we owe our friends? The kinship of good
deeds,
A soul responsive to their deepest needs,
To share life's burdens all the weary way,
And watch, and pray.

What do we owe our friends? The patience which
forbears;
And fond communion 'mid their joys, their cares;
A gracious spirit firm to do its best,
Nor doubt, nor rest.

What do we owe our friends? Kind thoughts and
pleasant cheer
Born of affection tender and sincere,
And ready service, the efficient seal
Of earnest zeal.

What do we owe our friends? We owe them love, not
fear,
Love that the closer clings when storms are near,
Love that shall speak in eye, in voice, in hand,
And steadfast stand.

MEMORIAL DAY.

[Dedicated to the G. A. R. Read at Huntington Hall.]

With muffled drum, with banners furled, with martial step and slow,

Oh, gather by the sacred dust, the dust that lies below;

Oh, gather by the sacred dust of comrades loyal, true,

Wave over them thy benison, the red, the white, the blue.

May this fair Union stand complete, a monument divine

To those who sacrificed their lives at freedom's holy shrine;

Upon each thirtieth of May with solemn tread we come,

And pay them tender tribute to the throbbing of the drum.

We marched with them, we fought with them, our bed the sullen sod,

With not a star above us and without a hope, save God;

'Mid cannon's roar, the halt, the dash, the victory, retreat,

We saw them falling 'round us as the sickle fells the wheat.

Oh, dark the days that followed fast on Baltimore, Bull Run,

Beneath the torrid fierceness of a blazing southern sun;

With Butler in his bold campaigns, with Sherman by
 the sea,
 We shoulder stood to shoulder in the battle of the
 free.

And ever through the living past there flows a tender
 vein,
 To stir the heart and open wounds that bleed and
 bleed again,
 As tearful eyes and empty arms to death itself
 appealed,
 Alas for those who sadly knelt on Desolation's field!

Oh, there are many lonely lie beneath the rev'rent
 blue,
 But they will not be missing from the final grand
 review;
 Let wives and mothers gather near, and little chil-
 dren weep
 Above the dreary pillows where the martyred heroes
 sleep.

The martyred heroes; yonder shaft of granite guards
 a spot,
 The sepulchre of comrades that can never be forgot;
 While pride endures, and nations thrive, and patriots
 survive
 Must Lowell keep the mem'ry of her own great loss
 alive.

She scatters garlands o'er her dead and softly tolls
 the bells,
 But for her martyred heroes are the precious immor-
 telles.

Oh, Ladd and Whitney, side by side, in peaceful
 silence rest,
 Among the fairest jewels that adorn Columbia's
 breast.

We cannot think of them as lost, for moving on and on
 The soul shall rise triumphant on the resurrection
 morn;
 Upon the angel wings of prayer let thought sublime
 ascend
 Until we feel the grandeur that the dying compre-
 hend.

With muffled drum, with banners furled, with mar-
 tial step and slow,
 Oh, gather by the sacred dust, the dust that lies
 below;
 And mingle with the breath of flowers that sigh
 above the brave,
 The note of lamentation, like an echo from the grave.
 The laurel wreath, the tearful eye and Honor's fair-
 est crown
 Are drops in life's great ocean to the price that they
 laid down.
 Hush! listen to the sacred dirge, it swells,—it sobs,—
 it dies:
 Until we see them marching, marching home beyond
 the skies.

OUR CITY.

Turn backward the close written pages,
Close written with deeds breathing praise,
A secret attracting the sages,
The fruitful reward of our gaze.

Yes, turn back the close written pages, in gratitude
seeking the clue;
Be thankful to find it and wonder to such a fair
record review.

Her history daily unfolding,
Through life of the daughter, the son,
From models the moments are molding
The fame of our city is won.

Her rapid development shows us, the Merrimack's
run to the sea
Has not been more true to its mission than she to her
promise will be.

How patiently Labor has striven,
Bespeaking the boon of success;
The loom and the spindle once given
Have proven as guerdons to bless.
The fields boldly trodden by red men, in league with
each meadow and hill,
Where lingered the good Wannalancit, now answer
to Industry's will.

While yet a mere village came duly
Determined and far seeing men,
So skillfully wrought they, so truly,
The present was plain to them, then.
They planned with a clear sighted vision, their eyes
on futurity bent,
Ambitious to build to their utmost, that none might
have cause to lament.

The hand-maiden Knowledge beside them
 Led Genius, twin-brother of Art;
 A blessing could not be denied them,
 Each steadfastly doing his part.
 The summons of Lincoln stood honored as soon as the
 summons was heard,
 And later when Cuba was calling how many went
 forth at the word.

Adversity's forces defying
 The County, the Country, the State
 On Lowell are wise in relying
 Till tempests of trouble abate.
 Rejoice in the marvellous brightness illuming the
 glorious past,
 Prosperity's presence will grandly the scope of the
 future forecast.

NIGHT.

The mellow moonbeams glint along the waves,
 Beyond the inky blur yon frowning height
 Full oft impresses on the tranquil deep.
 What eagle glances pierce the veil of gloom!
 Each galaxy of light proclaims a town,
 Instinct with life, as childhood is with joy.
 Afar, like some dim phantom of the hour,
 A liner speeds majestic on her way;
 While beaconward a schooner lies at ease,
 A graceful shadow on a silvered sea.

LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE.

Would you see a winsome fairy with her baby eyes
alight,

As she wrestles with the problem: "Oh, will Santy
come to-night?"

Mischief beaming in the glances where the dainty
dimples hide,

'Mid a wealth of wiles bewitching at the merry
Christmas tide.

Twice her eager ears have heard,
Sounds as if the yule log stirred;
Thrice the reindeer bells have rung
Since the twilight hour was young.

From her rosy lips and fingers honey-sweet caresses
fall,

Like a tender benediction on the loving hearts of all;
And with each exultant jingle from the busy street
below

Hark the joyful proclamation:—"He is coming now,
I know."

Singing blithely as a wren:—
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Wafted on the strain so sweet,
Surely earth and heaven meet.

How she warms and glows and sparkles, like a
precious human gem,

Till she kneels beside the chimney at the setting
of P. M.

With her gentle face uplifted and the drooping lashes
wet,

Whispering the fond petition which she never can
forget:—

For the lonely and the sad
 That the morrow may be glad,
 And that Kris herself will bless
 With just one benign caress.

Hurry, darling, let us go to the magic realm of sleep,
 It is over there, you know, we may hear a love-bird
 peep;

Hang the stocking up in state where Saint Nicholas
 must see,

Then away to fair dreamland on the fast express
 with me.

Happy Little Wide-Awake,
 Santy comes and no mistake;
 But she misses half the bliss
 Of his pleasant smile and kiss.

TRY TO HELP ANOTHER.

Try to help another whether friend or foe,
 And the sweet soul-sunshine shall the brighter glow;
 Try to help another fainting by the way,
 Lo! the night of sorrow turneth into day.
 Try to help another, be he small or great,
 Try to help him onward ere it is too late;
 Try to help him onward, try to help him up,
 Add a heav'nly flavor to his bitter cup.

INDEPENDENCE.

Dimly was the magnitude of the vast result foreseen
When England smote America on Lexington's fair
green.

A just retaliation of the most unrighteous blow,
The hand of the oppressor set the nation's heart
aglow.

There was burning indignation, it swept the out-
raged land,
The blood of murdered brothers grew too urgent to
withstand.

Responsive to the message men were quickened by
the news,

Confronting vital issues little need to stop and choose.

The spirit of the people sympathized with those who
bore

The burden of the battle and the sword was sheathed
no more.

For how could those who suffered be content to bend
the knee

To tyranny? 'Twere "better far to die or to be free."

A noble deed is eloquent to noble deeds inspire,

With broken ranks or columns massed we meet the
foeman's fire.

'Twere better far to perish than to linger here a
slave,

God favored independence in the leader, true, he
gave.

In that dread hour both sad and sweet which hal-
lowed Bunker Hill,

The bud of freedom flourished in an atmosphere of
will,

As Prescott faltered step by step down yonder rugged
slope,

His being conquered sorrow in a sudden rush of hope.

While valiantly contending for the long defended field,
He felt Columbia's future to her noble sons appealed.
The effort was successful in the impulse many gained,
To consecrate their powers to a cause so well maintained.

As Prescott faltered step by step down yonder rugged
slope,

His being conquered sorrow in a sudden rush of hope.

In place of troops and smoking spires a peaceful city
stood ;

No foreign forces fettered her, she wrought for human
good.

The vessels raining shot and shell, gave way to ships
of trade;

No horde, with hostile purpose, dared the busy streets
invade.

A whisper of its presence would united wrath awake,
Beware of idle sophistries, a nation's life at stake.

The nation's life at stake, one word will rouse us
from our rest,

The patriot stands ready to submit to sternest test.

What sacrifice is too severe when danger is at hand?

The hero's arm is strong to strike for home and
native land.

CONTRASTED LIVES.

Successful men,
 Woo the diffusive fire
 And yet feel cold.
 What of the homeless, then,
 In pitiful attire,
 Poor, feeble, old?

Affluence weeps,
 A bird the weather kills,
 Great souls despair.
 Love willing vigil keeps,
 Till want all feeling chills,
 Frozen by care.

Think not to choose,
 Or mere convenience seek,
 Some faint heart cheer.
 Who comfort could refuse,
 To weary ones and weak
 Perishing near?

THE WAY WILL OPEN.

The way will open it is true
 If I but do my best,
 I'll do the things I find to do
 And leave to God the rest.

Although the clouds are hanging low
 And all the way seems dark,
 I'll do the very best I know:—
 The dove was in the ark.

The way will open; Soul, be strong,
 And rise to do thy best.
 The shadows cannot last for long,
 There's roses in the west.

What matter is the tempest's rage?
 I've but to do my part,
 'Tis love alone that can assuage
 The tempest of the heart.

The way will open it is true
 I've but to do my best,
 I'll do the things I find to do
 And leave to God the rest.

SPRING.

Bright-eyed goddess,—witching spring,—as thy am-
 ber tresses glow,

Kindled to immortal flame
 Is the breath of honor,—fame.

Well may poets hymn thy praise,—fancy flutter to
 and fro,—

To a measure full and fleet, to a measure stately,
 slow;

Thence with heaven for an aim,
 Rushing on with glad acclaim:

Hearken to the strain and know, blessed Beulah here
 below.

Wake! The living notes prolong in a symphony of
 song,

Floating on the perfumed air
 In the angel arms of prayer;

Welcome goddess, spring divine; beauty visions 'round
 thee twine;

Violets and blossoms sweet
 Nestle fondly at thy feet.

VICTORIA.

When have men or nations seen
 A life, to rival England's queen?
 What vital interests compressed
 Within its span, what truths confessed,
 A long, a useful, noble reign.

Maidenhood and age attain
 A broader meaning as we view,
 Her record, glorious as true.
 Each subject, brave to do his part,
 Found ready welcome to her heart.

She, the soldier's work well done,
 Proclaimed the wounded hero "Son";
 A royal soul alone reveres,
 Worth, where ever it appears,
 As light must all the brighter shine.

Springing from a source divine;
 Benevolence, when simply shown,
 Will gracefully adorn a throne:
 The righteous wisdom of her aim,
 Glorifies Victoria's name.

 FREEDOM'S SON.

Do you love him, Freedom's son,
 Great, Immortal Washington?
 Is your raptured soul athrill,
 At his majesty of will?
 Unsubdued by doubts and fears,
 Proudest of all proud careers,
 It was his to boldly climb
 Till his deeds stood forth sublime.

Can you see him, Freedom's son,
 Great, immortal, Washington?
 See the armies he has led
 Up and on where heroes bled?
 Battle's brunt, the foeman's fire,
 Seem but given to inspire,
 Well his spirit might prevail
 For he could not, would not fail.

Can you see him, Freedom's son,
 Great, immortal, Washington?
 Face the ice-thronged Delaware
 Knowing death itself is there?
 Hark! the rasping, sharp as steel,
 How it throbs along the keel;
 Fog-enwrapped but firm he stands
 With the future in his hands.

Can you see him, Freedom's son,
 Great, immortal, Washington?
 Called to crown a record fair
 In the Presidential chair.
 First of many bound to own
 This brave people's heart a throne,
 On the honor roll of fame
 Men must ever read his name.

Can you see him, Freedom's son,
 Great, immortal, Washington?
 Surely we are wreathing now,
 Fadeless laurel for his brow.
 When we meet to speak his praise,
 Speak the wisdom of his ways,
 In a nation's life we view * * *
 Washington, the tried, the true.

OUR RIVER.

Our river, thine and mine;
 With what intrepid haste it leaps the falls
 Glancing, dancing, whirling, purling, on
 Over the gleaming rocks, whose falchions keen
 Would rend for aye the glinting canopy
 Which spans the flood in rainbow-tinted folds.
 Anon the waters lift impulsive arms
 Toward yonder sun through bridal veils of mist.
 Never is man more moved than when he stands
 Gauging the force Omnipotence creates.

•

SUNSET.

See the cloudlets float to rest,
 At the portals of the west;
 How they glimmer, how they glance
 In a merry sunset dance.

Beautiful and sweet and fair,
 As the spirit of a prayer;
 With what confidence they lie
 On the bosom of the sky.

How they crown the brow of night
 With a wreath of ruddy light;
 Fair as any flower that blows
 In the twilight, pink and rose.

Even so our earthly way,
 It will not be always gray;
 Soon we, too, shall float to rest—
 Past the portals of the west.

MEMORIAL POEM.

[Dedicated to the G. A. R. and read at Huntington Hall.]

Oh, peaceful are the humble graves of fallen comrades
far and near,
In sweet communion with the gift we gladly offer
year by year
To those who knelt at Freedom's shrine in all the
beauteous bloom of youth,
And fell, a living sacrifice, upon the altar stone of
truth.

Though many of our brave marines are resting in the
boundless deep,
No band of brothers bending near, the stars eternal
vigil keep;
If we can never kneel and say "A noble comrade lies
below,"
Upon the honor roll of fame his record shall the
brighter glow.

Where legions of the "great unknown" beneath the
dainty lilies sleep,
Let little children softly come above the sacred dust
to weep;
A solemn sweetness fills the hours when thus devoted
to the dead
Who fearless faced the cannon's mouth and for Col-
umbia fought and bled.

Oh, how we love to gather here upon each thirtieth
of May,
And dedicate our choicest thoughts to glorify the
Soldiers' Day;

Beyond the worth of worldly store, or empty plaudits
 of renown,
 The broken shackles of the slave are jewels in the
 heavenly crown.

To follow Butler's bold campaigns must every loyal
 heart inspire,
 As when he woke the gallant Sixth to kindle trea-
 son's funeral pyre,
 While Ladd and Whitney doomed to fall that dismal
 day at Baltimore
 Were eager with their dying breath to hail the stars
 and stripes once more.

* * * * *

Athwart the face of Memory's page we watch the
 busy brush of Time
 Indorsing each heroic deed with one decisive word —
 "Sublime!"
 The voice of victory arose amid the ardor of the
 strife,
 And the patriots — these before me, had preserved a
 nation's life.

Consult the dreary prison pen — the wounded heroes
 side by side,
 Who in the weary march of months were sadly wish-
 ing they had died;
 And marvel not that some are bowed as with a heavy
 weight of years,
 But give to them a gracious meed, of love and grati-
 tude, and tears.

Behold the spires of Gettysburg, the waving wheat,
 the orchard fair,
 How calm it was until the strength of hostile forces
 entered there,
 And then the awful rush and roar of surging armies,
 day by day,
 Of Sickles in the grim retreat, and Sedgwick as he
 stood at bay.

Oh, how the waiting North rejoiced when Hancock's
 sturdy arm prevailed,
 Defeated in that last dread charge the flower of the
 South had failed;
 And we have welcomed here tonight the comrades
 who as conquerors stood,
 Whose hands thenceforth were closely linked in one
 eternal brotherhood.

And while they mourned the tender ties which lay
 unheeded mid the slain,
 Yet not a man would dare proclaim that such as
 these had died in vain.
 Oh, beautiful, and bright, and fair, the glorious ban-
 ner of the free,
 A peerless synonym of right, of hope, of love, of lib-
 erty.

And never shall a fold be rent, a color fade, a star
 be lost,
 For freedom sees its azure field with gems of precious
 blood embossed;
 We well may hush our hearts to hear the thrilling
 dirges sob and die,
 Until they almost seem to us like angel whispers
 floating by.

BLESSED WAS THE NAME SHE BORE.

Wake! oh, nation; wake, and sing!
 Bid the "arch of heaven" ring;
 Praise, in sweet accord, our pride—
 Thirty summers Neptune's bride.

Kearsarge, a hymn to thee
 Floateth over land and sea;
 Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—
 "Blessed was the name she bore."

Volumes of heroic verse
 Shall thy victories rehearse;
 Well may rhythm swiftly chime
 To a measure full—sublime

Kearsarge, a hymn to thee
 Floateth over land and sea;
 Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—
 "Blessed was the name she bore."

Though Roncador—reef of woe—
 Like a traitor laid thee low;
 As Aurora cleaves the sky,
 Rise! the "god of storms" defy.

Kearsarge, a hymn to thee
 Floateth over land and sea;
 Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—
 "Blessed was the name she bore."

Swift, as light along the hill,
 Fly! Columbia's bosom thrill;
 Crucified by flood, by fire—
 Come, Futurity, inspire.

Kearsarge, a hymn to thee
 Floateth over land and sea;
 Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—
 "Blessed was the name she bore."

Lo! thy ashes softly lie
 'Neath a tender southern sky;
 Yet on honor's tide ye sail,
 Like a ship before the gale.
 Kearsarge, a hymn to thee
 Floateth over land and sea;
 Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—
 "Blessed was the name she bore."

CONTENT.

Is there a place in the whole, wide, world
 Like the beautiful vale content;
 The fair, white, banner of peace unfurled
 As our hopes in one are blent
 By mutual glad consent.

Is there a place the foe cannot reach,
 Stands the dark featured King subdued?
 Is each prayer the Spirit would teach
 With gracious power imbued
 Are the thought rifts rainbow hued?

Is there a place where the weary rest
 Knowing how well the past was meant?
 In sharing the birthright of the blest.
 Bliss of heaven to thee is lent
 Beautiful vale of content.

VIOLET.

Violet tender and sweet clasped to the bosom of earth,
Lift up thy bonny blue eye, happy the day of thy
birth.

Thine is a glorious lot, bearing the word of the king,
Calling the world to rejoice breathing of beauty and
spring;

Violet, tender and sweet.

Violet tender and sweet plucked from the bosom of
earth

Lift up thy bonny blue eye, happy the day of thy
birth.

Close in thy petals of pearl, of beautiful amethyst
cling,

Fresh with the balm of the wood the odorous essence
of spring;

Violet, tender and sweet.

"LONGEST LANES MUST HAVE A TURNING."

Shall we dare to be despondent, though the way is
rough and cold?

"Longest lanes must have a turning," is a saying
never old.

Who would feebly faint or falter on life's journey?

Day by day

Grateful sunbeams softly greet us, through the heavy
mists of gray;

Blessed gifts the Great All-Father sends to cheer our
earthly lot,

And to whisper, sweetly, fondly, that we never are
forgot.

Ay, 'tis hard when dreary trouble comes to pierce the
 faithful heart,
 And hope spreads her airy pinions as if eager to
 depart;
 Sickness, with its hand of iron—Justice, with a
 frowning face,
 Wilfully conspire to crush us in a cruel, stern em-
 brace:
 Shall we bow beneath the burden, though it is so
 hard to bear,
 Or arise and do our utmost, boldly breaking from
 despair?

Brothers, sisters, little children,—weak with hunger,
 bleeding feet,—
 Bravely meet the dusky foemen, make the victory com-
 plete.
 Many weep o'er thy misfortunes,—courage! yet will
 come a friend;
 Do not sink upon the highway, surely this is not the
 end.
 Let us use our best endeavor, ever seeking out the
 light,—
 “Longest lanes must have a turning,”—one is even
 now in sight.

IS THERE NOT SOMETHING WE CAN DO?

Is there not something we can do,
 To smooth the rugged road?
 Men struggle onward, death in view,
 Each with his own great load.

Men struggle onward, weak of arm,
 But chivalrous of soul;
 Where is the hand to do them harm,
 Or keep them from the goal.

What joy to honest worth assist,
 To move the stumbling stone;
 Good vantage ground is often missed
 When pressing on alone.
 To bring a burdened brother ease,
 Though long the way and rough;
 Or bid the storm of trouble cease,
 We cannot do enough.

SUNNY DAYS.

Of course we value sunny days
 And all of nature's pleasant ways,
 The merry birds, the balmy sky,
 The happy brooklet laughing by,
 With the clouds come darker hours,
 Good for us as for the flowers.

How bright the meadow after rain;
 How calm the heart is after pain.
 We owe indeed a wondrous debt
 To ev'ry trouble bravely met;
 A debt that no one ever pays,
 Our thanks are for the sunny days.

BUNKER HILL.

From Cambridge, through the solemn moving night,
 With firm determination to be free,
 Our fathers came, that this proud shaft might be
Synonymous of liberty and right.
Pale moonbeams strove to cast a languid light,
 Upon the patriot band and that true sea,
 Which once was bold to brew good English tea.
Scarce hidden by a mask too frail for flight,
 Across "The Neck" their fearless footsteps sped,
Ere morning could the sullen east assail
 To mingle with her coming joy and dread,
The fierce redoubt and breastwork marked a trail
 Of glory, up the path where Honor led,
Those master spirits eager to prevail.

A gallant sight and noble, did it quell,
 The squadron swan-like sweeping to and fro,
 Upon the Mystic and the Charles? oh, no!
The Britons captive to the subtle spell
Yet read the meaning of its signal well.
 When from the "Lively" came a sudden glow,
 Then swift the leaden hail fell blow on blow,
Gage, governor, commander, heard the knell
 Of that first warning boom and wounded pride
Spoke in his wrathful face, his hurried gait,
 As gazing o'er the smoothly flowing tide
He felt his own wise plan had come too late;
 But on an easy conquest still relied
To claim those frowning heights, the town, the state.

DOING.

Keep doing, always doing,
 Wishing, dreaming, what are they?
 Tempters idle steps pursuing,
 Foemen ambushing the way.

Keep doing, bravely doing,
 Never falter, never fail,
 Day by day your strength renewing,
 Gird your armor on, prevail!

Keep doing, wisely doing,
 Working upward as you may;
 Human interest accruing
 Will a high percentage pay.

Keep doing, boldly doing,
 Use the talents time may lend;
 Right upholding, self reviewing,
 The down-trodden truth defend.

Keep doing, ever doing,
 Trusting, when you cannot see;
 Fearing not, a tempest brewing,
 Knowing what the end will be.

 FOR FEEBLE HANDS.

It is not so much what we wish that counts,
 As the little we really achieve;
 The duty we do to-day amounts
 To more than we ever perceive.
 There are tasks just fitted for feeble hands,
 For the feeble as well as the strong;
 Be bold to stand where the right demands
 And bound to vanquish wrong.

LITTLE CAN'T-WAIT.

Have you met her? Little Can't-Wait, she is sweet
 and bright and fair,
 With her sunny, floating, ringlets and bewitching
 baby air;
 Just a pretty bit of mischief all impatient now to
 know
 If St. Nicholas, dear fellow, by her tiny socks will go.
 Quite alone on Christmas evening, she has planned it
 out to hide
 And is bound to capture Santy, brisk and jolly from
 his ride.
 Little Can't-Wait is so winsome as she lays this clever
 plot,
 That I toss her to the ceiling and caress her on the
 spot.

But the darling, I've a notion, like a bird upon its
 nest
 In the cosy chimney corner will glide softly off to
 rest;
 And her brown eyes will not open till the rosy morn-
 ing light,
 When she'll wake to find Kris Cringle caught her
 napping in the night.

Have you met her? Little Can't-Wait: met the
 witchery of eyes
 Where the halo of affection in its angel beauty lies?
 While I toss her to the ceiling and caress her sunny
 hair,
 She is deep in speculation, seeing Santy ev'ry where.

Hearing of his sturdy reindeer, rapidly they speed
along,
We can barely catch the echo of his merry jest and
song;
Of the bountiful attractions, of the season and the
night,
Of the pleasures and the pastimes such as give a
child delight.

Little Can't-Wait as I chatter hangs enraptured on
the tale,
With an interest in Santy that was never known to
fail.
Whereupon I whisper gaily and receive a roguish
glance,
Here's the story Kris will tell you if you give him
half a chance.

"Have you heard how little Can't-Wait, just a year
ago to-day,
Formed a clever plan, the mischief, and when twilight
softly lay
Over this fair scene around us, crept into a dainty
nest,
In the cosy chimney corner where the evening shadows
rest.

There, upon the faintest jingle of my sleigh bells
drawing nigh
To triumphant watch my fingers pile the tiny stock-
ings high;
And so certain was the conquest that the elf was
bound to make,
I was downright sorry, darling, to the pretty picture
break.

It was pleasant to be welcomed by a most enticing
 view,
 Of a dainty bit of muslin and a golden lock or two.
 As I crept up close and closer to the crimson curtained
 chair,
 Well, a secret's none in telling, *some one*, slyly kissed
 her there.

When those baby eyes were blinking in the rosy
 morning light,
 They were just too late to see me as I bounded out of
 sight."
 Little Can't-Wait shyly dimples, firm this Christmas
 eve to keep,
 And to not be caught "*a-napping*," even though she
 is asleep.

MAKE IT A PLEASURE.

Make it a pleasure, the task you would shun,
 Joy beyond measure will follow "well done!"
 There is no trouble that cannot be eased,
 Bliss will redouble when others are pleased.

Make it a pleasure to work while you may,
 Time is a treasure, the crown of to-day;
 Hard is the waiting with nothing to do,
 Stand not debating but carry things through.

Make it a pleasure to help people thrive,
 Man may not measure, he only may strive;
 There is no trouble that cannot be eased,
 Bliss will redouble when others are pleased.

IF WE HAD LIVED WHEN FIRST THE PILGRIMS CAME.

If we had lived, when first the Pilgrims came,
 Founding on a rock their future fame;
 Humbly would we celebrate the day
 Love alone can make care free and gay.

If we had lived when Freedom's cause was young,
 Often would the heart be sorrow wrung;
 Yet when war and famine thinned our ranks
 Find its sweetest joy in giving thanks.

If we had lived, no light on either hand,
 Trusting, when we could not understand;
 Pressed by want and danger all the way
 Thankful would we then have been to-day.

MUMMA 'ANG ME 'TOCKING UP.

Mumma 'ang me 'tocking up,
 Want a yamb, a tilver tup,
 'Orse, a tart, a dum, a s'ed
 An a nighty, nithe and wed.
 Me dus awsul want a dun
 Bang-a-banging, dus for fun;
 An a 'teamer dat will say
 Toot-a-toot, toot, duss iss way.
 Wite a 'etter, mumma dear,
 Wite it bid so he can hear
 'Tanty Taws, be thure an 'top.
 Div me a whole baby s'op.

All de doodies, oo ull know
 Yarf an kie, an soot, an blow ;
 Want an 'oop, a joll, a s'ate,
 'Ots and 'ote of sings to ate ;
 Tanny, 'ugar, feennts, jum
 Tell him dat he mustest tum.
 Weed it mumma, so to see
 If oo said it dus like me.
 It ull do iss time I dess,
 Ceps me want a pwetty dwess,
 Thure the 'tocking don't forget
 Thign with love, from 'Ittle Pet.

OUR JOY IS MEASURED BY WHAT WE DO.

We bring to the Lord and we call it giving,
 It is merely paying a debt we owe.
 The life we from day to day are living
 Is broader, deeper, than man may know.

While striving to walk in the path of duty,
 The way may be rugged and yet be plain.
 A thought may be true, conceal its beauty,
 We bury a bliss and sigh in vain,

We work for the Lord, nor faint, nor falter,
 However perplexing the task may be;
 The promise is sure, it cannot alter,
 There's strength and enough for you and me.

Consider the song the angels were singing
 That first glad Christmas the world ever knew.
 God needs the offering men are bringing
 Our joy is measured by what we do.

THANKSGIVING.

Be grateful, oh my soul, while blessings I recount,
Although I may not hope to tell the full amount;
Encompassed oftentimes by pain, and fear, and doubt,
Whence, daily, comes the strength, I could not do
without?

Be grateful, oh my soul, give thanks and be at peace.
The night of grief shall pass, the din of strife shall
cease.

As there is not one heart its secret thoughts can hide,
So I am not alone whatever may betide.

Be grateful, oh my soul, for gratitude is sweet,
One sympathizing friend can make my joy complete.
For gifts of life and love shall I not offer praise?
Knowing every week has seven thanksgiving days.

TRANSMUTED.

Bright bloom the roses of the eventide,
Roses whose parted petals never fall;
Transmuted, they in living light,
Vibrate responsive to the heart of man,
And man to God.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

I like to watch the Christmas gifts, so gaily they go
by,
To win sweet words from sweeter lips, the love light
to the eye.

The mother's face will beam with joy, the children
 dance with glee,
 When, as the evening closes in, we gather round the
 tree.

I like to watch the Christmas gifts, a father's willing
 hands
 Are bearing swiftly homeward for he always under-
 stands
 Just what will give most pleasure to the hearts he
 longs to please,
 Although he may not bring them, either wealth, or
 power, or ease.

I like to watch the Christmas gifts, they gladly troop
 along,
 The plain, the proud, the practical, a merry, motley
 throng.
 It matters not how much they cost in money, none
 may miss,
 Giving at least one person some share of Christmas
 bliss.

WHAT HE WANTED.

“Mamma dear, I am so sleepy; will good Santy
 truly come
 With a bang-er-bang, a 'teamer, and a ball, a kite,
 a drum?
 I just awesul want a rainbow for whenever papa's
 late,
 We could wave it from the window and he would not
 miss the gate.

It is snowing, now I wonder if I ask Kris Kringle
 nice,
 Would he carve a baby city from a tiny bit of ice?
 Have a lot of 'tores, and turches, and a sun, and
 moon, and 'tars,
 With the dearest, sweetest station, for my toot-er-toot-
 ing cars?

Hang a 'tocking over yonder; clear the corner for the
 toys,
 Then just write a line to tell him I'm the very best
 of boys;
 And, oh mamma, when you write it, write it bid so
 he can hear,
 For he didn't see our chimney as he hurried by last
 year;
 Oh, I should be dreadful sorry if to-night he passed
 again,
 So be careful, mamma darling, and be sure and write
 it|plain.
 Pin it close beside the mantle where he cannot fail to
 see,
 'Tissmas is so long in coming to a little chap like
 me."

A HERO.

Every man's a hero who dares
 And forbears.
 Every man's a hero who will stand
 Faithful to the interests at hand.
 Where so e'er its starry folds we see
 Ours shall be the banner of the free;
 Gladly, boldly, battle for the right
 Day follows night.

BABY'S CHRISTMAS.

Baby's face is in a glow,
 Baby's eyes are bright
 Oh, would you the reason know?
 Santa comes to-night.
 Santa Claus of whom she's heard,
 Heard but never met;
 Santa Claus—a magic word,
 With what joy beset.

Baby's heart is beating fast,
 Beating with delight;
 "Here is Santa; come at last!"
 Is the darling right?
 Papa's feet are at the door
 Papa's arms are wide,
 Precious kisses, gems galore,
 Sweetest gifts provide.

Baby journeys off to rest,
 Cuddled close and warm
 In the arms she loves the best,
 Safe from every storm.
 And she has the strangest dream
 Seeing Santa stand,
 Chirping to his reindeer team,
 Trophies in his hand.

But the wondrous part is this:—
 Santa's face appears
 Just like one she loves to kiss,
 Wreathed in smiles and tears.
 Brightest visions come to bless
 Baby's waking eyes,
 And her very looks confess
 All her glad surprise.

LOVELY MAY.

A RONDEAU.

O lovely May, throw thy soft spell
 On mountain proud and smiling dell,
 The world is kneeling at thy shrine—
 Fond captive of thy moods divine,—
 And nations rise thy charms to tell.

Where could we meet thy parallel?
 Who would thy witching arts repel?
 Who dares thy choicest gifts define,
 O lovely May?

And Nature?—Ah, she loves thee well,
 For Hope and Youth beside thee dwell.
 Thy sister months with thee combine
 As lesser streamlets swell the Rhine.
 'T were sin against thee to rebel,
 O lovely May.

THE CHIMES.

Hark to the voice of the joyful chimes
 Echoing on to fairer climes,
 Echoing on from hill to hill;
 “Peace on earth, good will, good will!”

Hark to the song of prayer, of praise,
 Speeding along the world's highways,
 Echoing on from hill to hill:
 “Peace on earth, good will, good will!”

Hark to the melody sweet and clear
 Swiftly borne to the eager ear;
 Echoing on from hill to hill:
 "Peace on earth, good will, good will!"

Hark to the carol of life, of love,
 Wafted down from the realms above.
 Echoing on from hill to hill:
 "Peace on earth, good will, good will!"

WELL MAY I LAUGH.

Well may I laugh when the earth is aglow
 With bountiful gifts love alone can bestow;
 The manifold works from the Father's own hand,
 But image the wealth of Immanuel's land.

Well may I laugh when the sun is so bright,
 The mountains and valleys are bathing in light;
 The breezes of summer and winter's shrill blast,
 All telling of greatness and glory at last.

Well may I laugh from pure gladness of heart,
 For in this fair world even I have a part;
 There is not a day but what something is done,
 Some good is accomplished, some victory won.

Well may I laugh, it is pleasant to live,
 To love and to labor, to gain and to give;
 While never a pleasure in life can compare,
 With pleasures eternal that all men may share.

SANTA'S COMING.

Listen darling, Santa 's coming,
 Hark the reindeer at the door
 Hear the carol he is humming,
 Sweeter, clearer, than before.
 Look what treasures he is bringing
 Dainty trifles, works of art,
 While the music of his singing
 Is as nectar to the heart.

Listen, darling, Santa 's coming !
 Hush ! his feet are at the door ;
 Hear the carol he is humming
 Now the busy day is o'er.
 Hurry, dearest, run to meet him,
 He must never wait outside
 When your merry face can greet him.
 Rosy cheeked and eager eyed.

Listen, darling, Santa 's coming !
 He is with us, at the door ;
 Hear the carol he is humming,
 Bid him welcome home once more.
 Throw your loving arms around him,
 Call him by his own true name
 For a daughter's love has found him
 Prince of Santas just the same.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Let us be brave, to-day, to-day,
 And ne'er content to borrow,
 From lovely things that blithely stray
 Adown a fair to-morrow.

To-day is ours for what we will
 And victory is waiting,
 If we but press from hill to hill
 No jot of strength abating.

What though these willing hands are weak,
 And brightest paths are dreary;
 The heights will not be always bleak,
 The feet not always weary.
 Let us be glad, to-day, to-day,
 And ne'er content to borrow,
 From lovely things that blithely stray
 Adown a fair to-morrow.

COMMENDATION.

Shall we stand blindly commending person or place?
 Wide is the margin that lies between feeling and
 face,
 Life is steadily tending to joy or despair,
 What for the bliss of the future, will not a soul dare?
 Daily we seek to move forward fast as we can
 Giving kind thought to the welfare of each brother
 man,
 Though the bright sunshine is hidden, clouds will
 uproll
 Bidding the glory of heaven transfigure the soul.

TRIED AND TRUE.

Loyal freemen, tried and true,
Gallantly they stand,
With the sacrifice in view
Battling for our land
Battling for her highest good,
Battling for her life;
Even as their fathers stood
Ready for the strife.

Where the smoke of conflict clung
Like a dreary pall,
There was work for old and young
Work for one and all.
Work that stirred the nation's heart
For the cannon's boom
Heralded the hero's part
In rebellion's doom.

At the front 'mid shot and shell,
Marching side by side;
How the dead and wounded fell,
Soldiers true and tried.
Fathers, brothers, husbands, sons,
Harkened to one voice,
Freedom, speaking through her guns.
Bidding men rejoice.

Listen to the widow's moan,
Children, too, must weep;
What to them can e'er atone
For the watch they keep?

Far away by lonely graves
 Fragrant lilies bloom;
 There our starry banner waves
 O'er the soldier's tomb.

* * * * *

But the living, down the years
 Steadily they come,
 Listen to the ringing cheers,
 To the throbbing drum.
 To the dirges wailing by
 On the willing breeze,
 How they swell and sob and die,
 Over such as these.

Clear above that martial tread,
 Sounds a bugle sweet,
 Telling how they fought and bled;
 Praising work complete.
 Hail! ye comrades, honor crowned,
 Moving on abreast,
 To the final camping ground
 And eternal rest.

SUNNY SKIES.

Who would have them always so?
 Clouds must come and tempests blow.
 We would sing a doleful tune
 Were there not a rose in June,
 See the willing drops come down
 Chatter! patter! till the brown
 Barren hill tops are as bright
 As the stars that gem the night.

NOT A DAY.

There is not a day,
 There is not an hour,
 But carries away
 Or offers us power.

Which is the better
 The winner or loser?

To fortune a debtor,
 • Or fortune's wise user?

To other men's view,
 Though steadily striving,
 How little we do

Unless we are thriving.
 The quaint artist Time
 Close student of Duty,
 Is a master sublime
 In painting soul beauty.

We may not improve
 On what he has shown us,
 But forward must move
 Or he will disown us.
 The higher we stand
 For prizes contending,
 The more rigid demand
 For delicate blending.

THINGS DONE.

Things done,
 Behind us are cast,
 Find one
 To no purpose made fast.
 What we cannot undo
 May occasion regret;
 Traitor or true
 We never forget.

Things done
 Belong to the past,
 Out run
 By a momentum vast.
 It is well to recall
 The importance of each,
 Knowing they all
 Had lessons to teach.

Things done
 Are easily classed,
 May none
 Ever hold us aghast.
 Let us blessings impart
 As upward we press;
 Where beats the heart
 A foe to success?

 THE WORD.

A lamp unto my feet
 Illuming life's dull way,
 Though sternest tempests beat
 A lamp unto my feet,

It makes my joy complete
 As sunbeams crown the day :—
 A lamp unto my feet
 Illuming life's dull way.

The light of this great world
 And of the world to come ;
 With rays of glory pearled,
 The light of this great world,
 Love's banner fair unfurled
 Mid labor's busy hum,
 The light of this great world
 And of the world to come.

FEAR NOT.

Fear not though dangers dread assail thee
 Stand ever as a hero mid the fray ;
 Well may the skill of eye and arm avail thee
 To keep the foe at bay.
 Fear not, though dark the way and dreary,
 The legions of the enemy shall flee ;
 When thou art sore oppressed and worn and weary,
 Thy Lord takes thought of thee.

THE LAW OF THE PRESENT, OBEY.

The law of the present obey,
 To-morrow every one knows
 Before we can catch it goes ;
 Nothing compares with to-day,
 Strive as we may.

Be hopeful, and happy and brave,
 Whatever the moments may bring;
 When given to sighing, sing,
 Wait not for life boat to save,
 Walk on the wave.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Only a tiny stocking hung in the fire light warm,
 Only a weary pilgrim breasting the tide of the storm;
 Only an anxious watcher piercing the heart of the
 gloom;
 Only a prayerful whisper breaking the calm of the
 room.

Time creeps slowly forward while the swirling snow
 flakes fall
 Upon field, and hill, and highway, and night enfolds
 them all;
 But hark! a voice is shouting, then a welcome step
 draws near,
 And the angel:—Joy, has banished the ghosts of
 doubt, of fear.

Only a sleepy fairy who trembles to behold
 A host of precious trophies with a wonderment un-
 told,
 But the treasure highest valued, the pure, the perfect
 prize
 Is love, the true love beaming from her own dear
 father's eyes.

IN THE MIRROR.

In the mirror what do I see?
 Velvety brown eyes peeping at me.
 Long silken tresses glinting like gold,
 Cheeks like the roses ere they unfold.
 Hush ! but a moment, do not say no ;
 Look at the elf that is charming me so.
 Just a wee darling who to me flies
 Saying : " Oh, tate me ! tate or me ties."

LIVING FOR OTHERS.

Living for others, living for self,
 Good of the few or worldly pelf,
 Giving to all with lavish hand
 Of the humble gifts at our command ;
 Which is the best to save or share
 Whether the day be dark or fair :—
 To save or share the little we get,
 Though storms prevail and foes beset ?
 Though kingdoms fall and wars increase,
 The heart is filled with joy and peace,
 Willing to strive with word and deed
 To help some fainting soul succeed.

THE BOOK OF TIME.

The Book-of-Time, each page a year,
 With every word a hope or fear,
 Thereon impressed in lines of light
 Would bid us read its truths aright,

The Book-of-Time a volume vast,
 The royal record of a past
 Wherein a century 's a day,
 Before eternity's broad sway.

The Book-of-Time 'tis bound in gold,
 This mammoth book no man can hold;
 And angel fingers wield the pen
 That writeth of the deeds of men.

The Book-of-Time transcribed shall lie
 As open as the fair blue sky;
 Many a loving heart shall find
 How wise it was in being kind.

WHO IS THIS SO LOVED OF YORE?

Who is this so loved of yore
 Shyly tapping at the door?
 Striking off the icy chain
 That the earth may thrive again.
 Wooing violets in the dale
 To their faces fair unveil;
 Bidding all the world rejoice
 In the music of her voice.

See the farmer grasp the plough,
 'Tis the day of sowing now;
 Hark the robin's happy call
 Keeping house by yon gray wall;
 Hear the brooklet's note of glee
 Dancing to the eager sea
 Read the message of the King
 In the hand of Lovely Spring.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Christmas thoughts how pure and sweet,

Christmas joys how fair !

Oh, the mysteries, we meet,

Smiles are everywhere.

Gifts are found in cosy nooks

Never sought before,

Precious gems in toys and books

Hide behind the door.

Pleasant wishes finely wrought

In the simplest way,

Into trophies Santa brought

In his magic sleigh ;

Bid the tender heart expand

At a treasure found,

Fashioned by affection's hand

And by mercy crowned.

Christmas thoughts they give delight

While with care we cope,

Brightening the darkest night

With the star of hope.

Oh, when earth friends are so dear,

Earthly joys so sweet,

Then indeed is heaven near,

Life itself complete.

Christmas thoughts what jewels rare,

On the soul's white shrine ;

Beautiful beyond compare,

Sent by Love Divine.

But the greatest gift of all

Comes that happy day

When we hear the Saviour call :—

“ Trust me and obey.”

BEAUTY OF THE SOUL.

Beauty offers every day,
 Gifts to cheer us on our way;
 Blessed treasures from above
 Free as heaven, fair as love.
 Cast in beauty's purest mold
 All things great and good behold,
 Which eternally will bide,
 Earthly stay, Jehovah's pride.

Watch the wise bird, mark the nest,
 Builded slow, and sure and best;
 Builded low or builded high,
 Winds will vainly whistle by.
 See the wayward without care
 How they fickle fortune dare,
 Shattered homes and blighted hopes
 Hurl them down life's rugged slopes.

Seek the promise of the hour,
 Nuture to its fullest flower;
 As we train the vine of youth
 So will bloom the bud of truth.
 Note the lily in the shade
 Pining for the sunny glade;
 What in all hereafter years
 Will avail the too late tears?

 BRIGHTER HOURS.

Heavy though the rain drops fall
 And the claps ring long and loud.
 Brighter hours will come to all
 As the sunlight gilds the cloud.

WILLING TO SERVE.

Willing to serve if serve I may,
 Willing to serve mid twilight gray ;
 Willing to serve with heart and hand
 Obeying the Divine command.
 Willing to serve with weary feet,
 Willing to serve, to serve is sweet,
 Willing to serve for well I know
 The prize my Master will bestow.

BANNERS WAVING.

Flags a-waving, trumpets blowing
 Tides of feeling, ebbing, flowing.
 "On to battle! on to glory!"
 Tell again the wondrous story.
 Patriotism brightly burning,
 Tempered by a wise discerning.
 Town and State together crying:—
 "On to Richmond! time is flying!"
 Fateful summons, who could falter?
 Laying all on Freedom's altar,
 "Forward! March! proclaimed the nation,
 Why, the words were an ovation.

Bugles tarnished, banners tattered,
 Bullet scarred and bruised and battered.
 Home they came with martial bearing,
 Home to cheer the hearts despairing;
 Home to children, wives and mothers,
 Home the living. (But the others.)
 On they came and eyes were tearful,
 Many eager, many fearful;

Banners waving, drums a-beating,
 Happy hearts, a happy meeting.
 And hearts "too sad to be alive;"
 Oh, thus it was in sixty-five.

Flags a-waving, bugles blowing,
 Honor's meed to worth bestowing.
 Laurel wreathes and roses blending,
 With the lily's breath ascending;
 Offer tribute true and tender,
 Tribute to each brave defender
 For his country's future caring.
 Firm! heroic! noble! daring!
 Soldiers, sailors, freemen listen
 Till thy cheeks with feeling glisten;
 By the banner waving o'er thee,
 Must Columbia adore thee.

CAN YOU SEE A LITTLE FACE?

Can you see a little face,
 Just the type of witching grace,
 As a darling clasps your knee
 With a gesture honey sweet,
 Lisping love in dimpled glee
 Till the sum of life's complete?

Is she happy as a lark
 From the rosy dawn till dark?
 And when twilight folds the world
 Close within her calm embrace,
 Is the night with gladness pearled
 By the light of that dear face?

Does she whisper, as her eyes
 Bid the drowsy curtains rise:
 "Wake me sure, to Santa see"
 And; [a shy aside is this,]
 "I'll be truly dood, if he,
 Lets me give him just a kiss."

Do the dimpled fingers cling,
 Close and closer while you sing
 Praises to the Savior's name?
 Telling of the happy hour
 When a precious gift he came,
 Prince of love, and peace and power.

THE BABY'S PALM.

A work of art is the baby's arm
 And fairer yet is the shell-pink palm;
 But beautiful truth no honest toil,
 Can ever that dainty surface soil:
 Each cross it carries, each blow for right,
 Will serve to make it, and keep it, white.

NO BLESSING EVER COMES BY CHANCE.

No blessing ever comes by chance,
 No work is ever quite in vain;
 The keenest effort must enhance
 The value of the prize we gain.
 A kindly act more than we think
 May serve to brighten trouble's brink;
 A gentle word in sorrow's ear,
 Is strong the fainting heart to cheer.

THE MAYFLOWER.

[1620.]

Happy, thrice happy, the Puritan maid
Leaving the fort and the grim palisade;
Leaving the bay where the good ship was fast
To find, her head bending low to the blast,
 Just a pink and white hood
 In the wind-driven wood.
 Then smiling and blushing
 With eagerness flushing,
 So swiftly she hurried
 Young Robin was flurried
And as he his pinions to Boreas tossed,
The dear little pink-hooded stranger was lost.

Sadder but wiser our Puritan maid
Quickly her footsteps, impetuous, staid
Scarce had she lost it, another was seen
Looking its best in a garment of green,
 With a pink and white hood;
 For a moment she stood
 With heart lighter beating,
 At such a sweet meeting.
 As kneeling she found it
 Where Nature had gowned it
What visions of promise marched up the bleak slope,
To crown that May blossom, the blossom of hope.

THE BEST WE CAN.

When things don't go to please us
 Is it wisdom to despair?
 With a friend at hand who sees us,
 And will make the shadows fair?
 Shall we let our courage falter,
 Fail to sympathize with man?
 Fortune's ways are bound to alter
 If we do the best we can.

The light is often hidden
 Yet our feet are safely shod,
 While we do as we are bidden
 Putting perfect trust in God.
 He will lead His children ever,
 As he has since time began,
 And will strengthen each endeavor,
 When we do the best we can.

The rugged way, but certain,
 Is a blissful way to tread;
 Care is ready like a curtain,
 To obstruct the path ahead.
 Clouds will come, no use repining,
 Yonder trial, joy outran,
 Brightly still the sun is shining,
 We must do the best we can.

If things don't go to please us
 There is little need to fret,
 Shall a trifle more to tease us,
 Make us gratitude forget?
 Needless then to stand debating;
 Love will any chasm span;
 Winning is a way of stating:—
 "We have done the best we can."

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

Something to look forward to, the healthful soul de-
mands,
The world stands ready to provide good work for
willing hands,
Not only is there room for those most competent to
climb,
But ev'ry man to-day may claim some gift from busy
Time.

Something to look forward to, some duty nobly done,
Some little helpful deed to mark the path from sun to
sun ;
We cannot fear to freely face each mile stone that we
meet,
When loving actions daily tend to make our lives com-
plete.

Something to look forward to, our dearest claims
allowed,
Though trouble frowns upon the way, we look be-
yond the cloud ;
As rainbow brightness has the power to darker
shades subdue,
The light shall surely shine for those who will the
right pursue.

 CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is here and joy is ours,
Christmas, the time of songs and flowers,
Flowers of kindness, songs of cheer,
The gala season of all the year.

Christmas is here and eyes are bright.
Homes are happy, and hearts are light.
Hands are open and man is blest,
This golden season of sweet unrest.

Christmas is here and "peace—good will!"
Echoes along from hill to hill;
Gifts are ready and hope is strong,
This grateful season of joy and song.

THE BRIGHTNESS WE HAVE LEARNED TO SHARE.

Divide a blessing and behold
Its worth increased a hundred fold,
A kindly deed, a word of cheer,
Will scatter sunshine far and near.
By telling only what is good,
Truth cannot be misunderstood;
The brightness we have learned to share
May make the darkest pathway fair.

Glad tidings of whatever kind
The closer human friendships bind;
An echo of a joyful song
A hundred eager lips prolong.
Intent to honor's rights maintain,
No upward effort is in vain;
It is not sacrifice to give
The happiness that helps men live.

RING BUSY BELLS.

Ring busy bells, across the night,
Ring in the tender morning light;
Let merry measures wake the noon
And sunset echo back the tune.

Ambitious who shall lead the van
Of quick rejoicing, boy and man,
And maid and matron mingle tears
With joyful chimes and ringing cheers.

Remember Concord, Bunker Hill.
They bid the pulses leap and thrill
And still athwart the storied past
The present has new meaning cast.

'Tis midnight and the solemn hush
Is shattered by a sudden gush,
A swaying turbulence of sound
That on the startled ear rebounds.

Ring, happy bells, for as you ring
Sweet memories about you cling;
Again we independent stand,
Deliverers of this dear land.

The signal boom triumphant comes
'Mid clashing bells and throbbing drums,
As eager bon-fires flaming high
Imprint their glory on the sky.

We hear the words of Washington,
We praise his work and cry "Well done!"
And when we closer look we see
Our pride, the father of the free.

While briefly glancing down the years
Behold a host of grand careers.
They gave us knowledge, virtue, land
And arts which every year expand.

We honor Lincoln, steadfast, true,
Type of what one good man can do;
He loosed the shackles of the slave;
Preserve the liberty he gave.

The grim destruction of the Maine
Was not a source of grief in vain,
The sadness of her loss was meant
To bring to Cuba's heart content.

O'er restless miles of ocean vast
Columbia's brave sons have passed,
Till other nations love to view
Our flag, the red, the white, the blue.

Philippines, to patriot eyes,
A trust, but never more a prize;
McKinley's noble work shall live:
We fight, we conquer, we forgive.

To crown a stricken race's release,
Welcome the blessed boon of peace.
Whatever gifts our homes may bless,
May we no distant homes oppress.

THE RIVER-OF-LIFE.

The river-of-life must smoothly flow,
By the hills of hope, its breast aglow
With the cheering light that softly streams,
From golden heights in the land of dreams.

The river-of-life will gently glide
On its ceaseless mission far and wide,
Its forceful current so true and deep
It will not pause at the vale-of-sleep.

The river-of-life runs gaily down
By the shining gates of pleasure-town
And carries our truant thoughts away
On the moment-freighted boat:—To-day.

The river-of-life, how fair it lies,
On the soul's white map before our eyes ;
It ripples on from the land we see
Into the beautiful land To-Be.

Singing Songs for Jesus.

Singing songs for Jesus, singing while we may ;
Singing in the darkness, singing in the day.

Singing songs for Jesus, singing with delight ;
Never yet was singing, could His love requite.

ANCHOR ME SAFE.

Anchor me safe, though by danger oppressed;
 Safe in the haven where motion is rest.
 Safe with the waves rushing up on the shore,
 Leaving my heart undisturbed by their roar.

Anchor me yonder, the beacon in sight,
 Never to wander away from its light;
 Type of security, brighten my way,
 Turning the darkness of evening to day.

Anchor me safe, lest the surges resound
 With the death note of a vessel aground.
 Straight is the course the Good Pilot must take,
 I may be weary but he is awake.

Worried and weary the tempest unchecked,
 No one who trusted Him ever was wrecked!
 Breasting the waters, wind driven and high
 Perfect the power on which I rely.

Mortal may waver, with Him is the skill
 Vanquishing evil; Omnipotent will.
 Saviour from trouble, a shelter in storm,
 Bidding the world to His wisdom conform.

SHINE OUT.

Shine out, happy soul, let the spiritual brightness be
 seen,
 How much that clear shining is needed when clouds
 intervene;
 Ever the light of the Master illumeth the way,
 Changing the gloom of the valley to beautiful day.

WHATEVER CHANGES TIME MAY BRING.

Whatever changes time may bring
 The promise cannot fail,
 The closer to the Word we cling
 We struggle, we prevail.

The Rock-of-Ages cleft for us
 We cannot yield to care,
 We cannot stop to fret or fuss,
 Nor stoop to court despair.

We live, to patiently fulfill,
 God's purposes, and find
 That what was once against our will
 Was meant to be most kind.

The Christ who claims us for His own
 Now listens while we pray :—
 “Dear Lord, we seek to make Thee known.
 Be near us day by day.

Give kindly heed the while we plead.
 We hunger, hear our cry,
 Give us the living bread we need;
 Yea, manna from on high.

Deliver us from evil, bless
 And keep us, make us wise,
 Give us more perfect happiness
 For every hope that dies.

Oh, leave us not to walk alone,
 Our failing strength renew,
 Make each believing heart a throne
 And sinful thoughts subdue.

Though earthly troubles oft betide
 To self-blind eyes give sight;
 A little cloud will surely hide
 A thousand rays of light.

A thousand rays of light divine
 Are streaming from above,
 Oh, teach us as the stars to shine
 With light of Heav'nly Love."

LOOKING TO JESUS.

Looking to Jesus is my joy,
 Looking to Him when foes annoy;
 Looking to Him, the Father sent,
 Looking to Him, I am content.

Looking to Jesus, courage, soul!
 He will the troubled waves control;
 Looking to Him to ease my care,
 Looking to Him, my cross I bear.

Looking to Jesus, peace is mine;
 Looking to Jesus, friend divine,
 Looking to Jesus, all is bright,
 Looking to Him, my life, my light.

I NEITHER FAINT NOR FEAR.

I neither faint nor fear,
 Whatever is, is best;
 The page of conscience clear,
 My feet have onward pressed,

I neither faint nor fear
 When in the tempest's track,
 A storm cloud's brief career
 Can never turn me back.

I neither faint nor fear,
 Nor would my steps retrace;
 The way indeed were drear,
 Could I desert my place.

I neither faint nor fear,
 But trust Omnipotence;
 The Master I revere.
 My shield and sure defence.

I neither faint nor fear,
 With Him am I content;
 To Christ would I adhere,
 For Him would I be spent.

I neither faint nor fear
 For He sustains my soul;
 He bids me persevere;
 He leads me to the goal.

I neither faint nor fear,
 Although these hands are weak;
 Although the night is drear,
 A gracious dawn I seek.

I neither faint nor fear,
 Whatever is, is best;
 May I one heart but cheer,
 To God I leave the rest.

EASTER-TIDE.

Brightest sunshine, sweetest flowers,
Welcome in the Easter-tide;
What a blessed work is ours
Lifting up The Crucified:
Pointing to the rock fresh riven,
To the grave-clothes cast aside,
Grand the proof that Christ has given,
He is living though He died.

Brightest sunshine, sweetest flowers,
Gracious gifts of Easter-tide
What a joyful work is ours
Lifting up The Crucified;
Showing Him as in a vision,
Stand triumphant o'er the grave:
From the sepulchre's cold prison
He is risen, He will save.

HOWEVER HIGH THE AIM.

I cannot do the half that I desire
However high the aim the hands will tire;
However long the journey, do my best,
Though eager still to climb, the feet must rest.
Perhaps when hope is baffled it is meant
To teach the fuller meaning of content;
Countless are the blessings I must miss
Unless I keep the path to endless bliss.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

He giveth his beloved sleep
 And sweetly shall they rest.
 Oh, we must ceaseless vigil keep
 If we would bear the test.
 To-day is ours for good or ill
 And if we now obey,
 His promises he will fulfill
 And wipe our tears away.

AS WE ARE.

God knows us as we are, and as we fain would be ;
 How great, how grand our work, if we the end could
 see ;

We feel within the soul the strength to rise above
 The pressing cares of earth, upborne, upheld by love.

God knows us as we are, whatever we may do
 The strivings of the heart lie open to His view ;
 He sees our present place, the height we may attain,
 He bids us persevere, nor hope, nor live in vain.

God knows us as we are, He listens when we speak
 And blesses ev'ry plan to help the poor, the weak ;
 Is quick to cheer the faint, the willing feet direct,
 Goes with us all the way to comfort, to protect.

God knows us as we are : His loving kindness gave
 A conqueror to snatch sweet victory from the grave.
 In Him alone we stand triumphant, evermore,
 For He will lead us home, through Christ, the Living
 Door.

CAN THE WILLING HANDS BE WEARY?

Can the willing hands be weary?

When they carry sweetest cheer,
 Into lives too dark and dreary
 Lives too oft beset by fear;
 Lives whose only glimpse of pleasure
 It is blessed to bestow.
 There are gifts we may not measure,
 Gifts that only love may know.

Can our hurried footsteps falter

When we do a kindly deed?
 Can a trifle serve to alter
 What would save a soul in need?
 Can we pause to weigh the chances,
 Or refuse to heed each call?
 Lo, a pleasant word enhances
 Just the treasure gift of all.

In the gift, behold the giver

Deeds perpetuate a thought,
 Let us hasten to deliver
 What can never be forgot.
 Offer "oil of joy" for sadness,
 Speed a brother on his way,
 Fill some fainting heart with gladness;
 Scatter sunshine while we may.

Hear the songs of praise ascending!

Breathe the music laden air!
 Grateful melodies are blending,
 With the heav'nward winging prayer;
 Deaf the ear that will not harken
 To the tale they sweetly tell,
 "What though earthly skies may darken,
 God is doing all things well."

THE MESSAGE SO SWEET.

There is nothing can be half so precious to me,
 When my spirit by care is oppressed;
 As the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—
 “Come, come unto me, and rest.”

Jesus leads me aright, turneth darkness to light,
 Sheds the halo of peace o'er my breast
 Oh, the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—
 “Come, come unto me, and rest.”

He is calling to me, His salvation is free,
 Shall I linger, weak, sinful, distressed?
 Oh, the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—
 “Come, come unto me, and rest.”

He is calling me now, in His presence I bow,
 All His love and His goodness confessed
 Oh, the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—
 “Come, come unto me, and rest.”

I will work, I will sing, for my Saviour, my King;
 And of gifts I will bring Him the best;
 Oh, the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—
 “Come, come unto me, and rest.”

SERVICE.

The smallest service we can do,
 With seal of Love-Divine,
 Will oft the fainting faith renew,
 The heart to God incline.
 We are not left to work alone,
 We stand as servants true;
 Each little kindly action known,
 By Him we may not view.

RISEN TO-DAY.

The sepulchre stone, fit emblem of pride,
 Light as the thistle-down wafted aside
 Send the glad tidings as far as you may,
 Jesus, The Master, is risen to-day.

Happy the Marys, obeying His voice,
 Bidding His weeping disciples rejoice.
 Lost on the mountains, or rocked by the deep,
 Jesus will find us and wake us from sleep.

Hail Him, oh, Christians, the Hope of the world,
 Over all nations His banner unfurled
 Pure as the lilies, more tender than prayer,
 Jesus is willing our burdens to bear.

Willing our burdens to bear, may His love
 Keep us and lead us to mansions above.
 Send the glad tidings as far as you may.
 Jesus, The Master, is risen to-day.

 ANOTHER'S PLACE.

As none can fill another's place
 We must be faithful as we can,
 And magnify the work of grace
 The wisdom of the wondrous plan.
 We must be kind as kind can be,
 Or some poor pilgrim fails of bliss;
 And who would wilfully decree
 That others should a blessing miss?

We must be true, for eager eyes
 Are gazing on us day by day,
 They gladly honest worth apprise,
 We must be true and watch and pray.
 Be true, and good, and strong, and brave,
 However difficult the case ;
 For there are countless souls to save
 And none can fill another's place.

A thousand people come and go
 And thousands follow as they may,
 But none another's grief may know
 And none his debt of love repay.
 Although the throng is moving fast,
 We quickly scan it for 'a face
 That smiled upon us in the past ;
 Oh, who can fill another's place ?

The smallest talents rightly use ;
 A word in season joy to speak ;
 'Mid want and sorrow, swift to choose
 The upward path, however bleak.
 Beyond the clouds the light is clear
 Whose cheering presence we would trace,
 In humble sphere, in proud career,
 Oh, who can fill another's place ?

In humble sphere, in proud career,
 The vital verdict is the same,
 And those who nobly persevere
 This great eternal truth proclaim :—
 The true, the good, the strong, the brave,
 With patience run life's little race
 For there are countless souls to save
 And none can fill another's place.

THE WINDOW OF LIFE.

I looked from the window of life where I stood,
I looked on the world and I saw it was good ;
I looked at myself and was sorely aggrieved,
Could this be the being in whom I believed ?

I looked from the window of life, and behold
A record of deeds many centuries old ;
Such pleasures as once would have given delight
No longer the heart of the nation's invite.

I look from the window of life where I stand,
The prospect unfolding before me is grand ;
Determined to follow where loyalty leads
Must meet the reward that all others exceeds.

I look from the window of life and I find
The years have been wasted because I was blind,
For surely no clear sighted soul could reject
Those paths which the glories of heaven reflect.

I look from the window of life and I see
The sweep of the future, how broad it may be ;
The hills and the valleys alike will be fair,
If only the leader who loves me is there.

I look from the window of life and I know
Sweet joy will be with me where ever I go ;
How pleasant to follow where Jesus will guide,
Content if I may in His shadow abide.

THOU ART MINE.

“Thou art mine!” Blessed word from the Father
above,

It speaks to my heart of His infinite love;
When I faint 'neath my load, the message divine,
Brings peace to my soul:—“Thou art mine! Thou
art mine.”

“Thou art mine!” Though the tempest is raging
around,

In Him, and Him only, a refuge is found,
No force can subdue Him, no fetters confine,
And has He not said:—“Thou art mine! Thou art
mine.”

“Thou art mine!” When temptations my pathway
beset,

His merciful kindness I cannot forget.
The sun may be hidden, but soon it will shine,
He calls me by name:—“Thou art mine! Thou art
mine.”

“Thou art mine!” With afflictions confronting the
soul,

The billows of trouble are His, to control.
Beside the still waters He bids me recline
And lovingly says:—“Thou art mine! Thou art
mine.”

“Thou art mine!” I am happy obeying His voice,
I trust Him and serve Him, His glory my choice;
His power, eternal, can never decline
And does He not say:—“Thou art mine! Thou art
mine.”

THE MERRY BELLS.

The merry bells are ringing,
 Good will is in the air;
 Our hearts are singing, singing,
 And joy is everywhere.
 There is pleasure for the lowly,
 There is pleasure for the high,
 The day so holy, holy,
 Now lingers in the sky.

FOLLOW JESUS.

If we try to follow Jesus He will lead our steps
 aright,
 He will lead us out of darkness into fields of living
 light.
 Little hands can work for Jesus, little feet love-
 errands run;
 Little voices speak His praises; little ears can hear
 "well done."
 Sweet the voice that sings for Jesus, kind the eye
 content to see,
 All the beauties of a service that will keep us pure
 and free.
 Little forms can lean on Jesus, little lives He will
 enfold,
 Little arms shall draw Him nearer and in His dear
 cause be bold.
 Little hearts are wise in trusting, they delight in
 being true,
 Bring the little ones to Jesus and He will their
 strength renew.

Let us aim to find Him early in the life as in the day,
 Never soul in seeking Jesus, ever yet was turned
 away.

Never prayer the Christian uttered though't was
 whispered word by word,
 Asking Him for help or guidance but the Ear Divine
 has heard.

When He hears expect an answer ; God's own promise
 cannot fail,

We must ask in faith, believing, and by faith alone
 prevail.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The bright side
 Is the right side,
 The side we seek to see.
 The wrong way,
 Is a long way,
 And will not make us free.

The right side,
 Is the light side,
 The side that mirror's bliss ;
 The wrong way,
 Is a long way,
 And one we cannot miss,

The right side
 Is the white side,
 Where nothing dark can tread ;
 The wrong way
 Is a long way,
 Beset by foes we dread.

The bright side,
 Not the night side
 Will cheer the weary eye;
 By fair ways,
 There are stair ways
 To homes beyond the sky.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

Blest be the tie,
 As we say good-bye
 That unites our hearts in love;
 With the past made plain
 We shall meet again,
 We shall meet again above.

 We look away
 To the happy day,
 When we all shall walk by sight;
 With the past made plain,
 We shall meet again,
 In the land of life and light.

THE EMPTY LIFE.

Empty is a life without Christ. It lacks motive power.

In the press of worldly matters the soul loses its assurance. It is like a locomotive when the steam is shut off. It stops.

Assurance in the love of God, keeps a man in motion. It sends him hither and thither. Makes him a profitable servant.

He works. To work he must have strength. To work he must eat. He feeds on the bread of life. He drinks of the water of life. He has enough and to spare. Happy is he.

Doubt creeps in. Losing his hold on Christ, he loses all. Suppose death should find him now.

A LIVING LORD.

"The Lord liveth," in Him will I trust. God is my strength. He hath given me the shield of salvation. His gentleness hath made me great. Compassed about by troubles and temptations He delivers me. The last enemy of man has been conquered by Him. Death is vanquished by the Son of God.

He makes with us an everlasting covenant. David says: "He delivered me from my strong enemy." How many of us have a strong enemy? An enemy difficult to subdue? One we cannot subdue without help from on high?

"Come and let us return unto the Lord. He will revive us and raise us up. We shall live in His sight."

"The wise shall understand these things. The ways of the Lord are right and the just shall walk in them."

"Seek good and not evil that ye may live." Here we have a warning and a command, a threat and a promise.

Godliness is profitable unto all, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

"HAVE FELLOWSHIP ONE WITH ANOTHER."

When our souls are at one with the Lord Jesus, we come into fellowship with His people. Spiritually renewed, we give ourselves to Him and are baptized. Through the church-visible opens our grandest opportunity of making Him manifest to mankind.

We can all be "pillars in the temple of our God."

We can all pray, They that dwell in the secret place of the Most High, abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

We can all speak of the living bread which came down from Heaven. If we eat of that bread we shall live forever.

There is no true happiness apart from Christ. May we be, as lights, shining for Him, in many a darkened home.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

We have a work to do. We are Christ's representatives. We must partake of the Christly character.

We are His witnesses. Witnesses of His power and of His saving grace. It is ours to tell of His wonderful goodness to the children of men. We tremble when we recognize the magnitude of the responsibility which rests upon us. As our day, so shall our strength be.

If we fail to show Him forth in our daily lives, we break the covenant into which we joyfully entered such a little while ago.

It is ours to be zealous in His service. Faithful unto death, we shall receive a crown of life.

We are trusting in The Word, may we lead others to see, that The Word is truth.

We are leaning on the promises. May we encourage others to do the same.

Steadfast followers of the Lord Jesus; if we work with Him and walk with Him, we shall also reign with Him.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

We as Christians, have much to gain, from faith, obedience, patience, mercy, love.

We suffer, that we may attain eternal bliss. No trusting soul shall fail of its reward.

Friends who were with us yesterday are gone to-day. We pray. We weep. At the feet of Jesus comfort comes to us.

We remember what our Saviour has done for us and look beyond the present, rejoicing in the glory which shall be revealed.

When things temporal have passed away, we go home to God, to abide forever.

COMING ONCE MORE.

The moments we give to Our Brother,
 Must ever be moments well spent,
 The riches bestowed on another
 Are riches the Father has lent,
 Be ready to tell the Old Story
 So potent new life to infuse,
 In seeking to live to His glory
 Go on in the paths He would choose.

The words we are leaving unspoken
 Might welcome a soul to the light,
 The bondage of Satan once broken
 How all the dark places grow bright.
 The fruitage of prayer is a blessing,
 It never is offered in vain,
 The truth we are gladly confessing
 Will grandly Love's purpose maintain.

The talents devoted to Jesus
 Are talents the wisest improve.
 Imprisoned, believing, He frees us :
 While sin runs along in a groove.
 Our standard no foeman can alter,
 Lo, faith bears us up as on wings.
 None born of The Spirit may falter,
 For fair is the promise He brings.

Be instant in trusting and giving.
 Man cannot in justice withhold,
 Those tithes that belong to right living ;
 Be earnest, and steadfast, and bold.
 In fullness of time of His kindness
 The Saviour is coming once more,
 He pities the world in its blindness
 And enters each wide open door.

On hearts that delight in obeying
 His wishes, 'tis safe to repose,
 The tribute we daily are paying
 No hand but our Lord's shall disclose,
 By service He joys in expecting
 A blessed approval is won.
 The Christian succeeds when electing
 To strive for the final "Well done!"

THE PRESENT.

The present, only, is ours;
 We cannot recall the past
 Songs and sunshine and flowers,
 Are pleasant, but do they last?

The dollar we earn to-day,
 Is more than a million spent;
 The one has vanished away,
 The other may bring content.

A loving word, like the dew
 To the rose, revives the heart.
 A blessing awaits the true;
 Feeling is higher than art.

The present improved is bliss,
 The bliss that fore'er abides;
 In a fairer world than this,
 Where never an ill betides.

BE FAITHFUL.

Be faithful soldiers, fearing not,
 What traitors may disclose;
 There is a purpose in our lot
 More powerful than foes.

If we could once peruse life's page,
 [A blurred and blotted scroll,]
 The failures would our thought engage
 Though fled beyond control.

If we could once life's page peruse,
 Each loss returned, a gain,
 Would give such wisdom as accrues
 From knowledge, bought of pain.

We never know what we can do;
 The problems none attempt
 Now lying open to our view,
 Have meanings little dreamt.

We gird our armor on to meet
 The enemy's advance;
 But in the frenzy of retreat,
 Too often yield to chance,

Stand ready; boldly face the front;
 Press on and on: prevail.
 Be brave to bear the battle's brunt;
 The hero cannot fail.

WHY WILL YE DIE?

Why will ye die?
 Why will ye die?
 With sin the world is rife,
 But there is one who draweth nigh:
 He brings eternal life.

Eternal life!
 Eternal life!
 How gentle is the voice,
 That calls thee from the toil and strife:—
 “My child, repent! Rejoice!”

Repent! Rejoice!

Repent! Rejoice!

Oh, bid Him enter in.

By making Jesus Christ our choice,

Love's fair reward we win.

THE TESTING TIME.

When Trouble frowns upon our way

And still we bravely overcome,

The griefs besieging us each day;

Desirous as best we may,

To bear the duties burdensome.

When clouds obscure the sunny sky,

When Sorrow surges o'er the heart;

When Pain's dread presence hovers nigh,

Faith must triumph then, or die,

She conquers when we do our part!

The slowest feet were meant to climb;

The humblest life can honor God.

The present is the testing time

Forward Soul to heights sublime!

Thy work is here and not abroad.

LIGHT.

How could we work if once we knew

Just what for us in store,

The future holds; would we be true

And better than before?

Could we go forward fearing not,
 To life's results disclose?
 Or would we tremble at a lot,
 Where rue displaced the rose?

Courageous to the present meet,
 Or woe or bliss it brings;
 Confront its joys, its pleasures sweet,
 Its hopes, its sufferings.
 A soul, improving moments well.
 Need never dread the days;
 The space is small wherein we dwell,
 But broader than our gaze.

The space is small but if we list,
 Its limits will expand.
 Each enemy of right resist
 And gauge the hour's demand.
 To-morrow's page we cannot read,
 To-day alone is bright;
 Each point to conscience we concede
 Returns to us, as light.

IF A WORK IS WORTH THE DOING.

If a work is worth the doing
 It is worth the doing well.
 When a noble aim pursuing
 Never have an idle spell.
 There is danger in delaying
 And a man may win his case,
 By attention he is paying
 To the language of a face.

There are records fate impresses
 In the lines upon a brow.
 Silence often times confesses
 More than wisdom would allow.
 Could we read the future's pages
 We would hope's incentive lose;
 The experience of ages
 Should ambition's fire infuse.

 Could we see the path before us
 See the forces we must lead,
 See the tempests hanging o'er us
 [How the willing feet must bleed.]
 See the trials daily coming,
 Coming to the patience try;
 In the knowledge, vast, benumbing,
 Happiness would pass us by.

 Quick to reckon up the losses;
 Ready to forget our gains.
 It is ever little crosses,
 That the greatest love constrains.
 We who baffle mighty issues,
 Measure moments by their length:
 There are hosts of tiny tissues
 Most amazing in their strength.

TAKE THY STAND.

God's voice is saying:—"Find thy place,
 Make haste to take thy stand.
 I am thy shield; My saving grace
 Sustains thee. Take My hand.
 In times of trial find thy strength,
 In Me. Build on the rock,
 Christ Jesus. Thou shalt know at length,
 My mercy, only knock!"

FATHER, ACCEPT OUR THANKS.

Father, accept our thanks
 For blessings, heaven-lent.
 We march with broken ranks,
 When joy and woe are blent.
 We march, as march we must,
 Subject to Thy command.
 Can we forsake our trust
 Upheld by Thy right hand?

Father, we turn to Thee
 'Mid shadows drear and dark;
 Thy breath alone is free
 To fan the vital spark,
 Until its light illumines
 The vast arcade of years;
 And some fair lily blooms
 Where men saw only tears.

We cannot walk alone,
 However bright the way.
 A seed of kindness sown
 Shall gracious largess pay.
 Our sight is poor and weak,
 Apart from Sight-Divine;
 Direct us, for we seek
 No other will than Thine.

Attentive is Thy ear;
 Encourage when we call;
 The clouds shall disappear,
 We conquer as did Paul.
 Eternal rest is won,
 Where nothing ill betides;
 His race is nobly run,
 Who in the Lord confides.

We know we cannot do
 The simplest duty well;
 Our failing strength renew,
 Sweet bliss from pain compel.
 Be with us as we meet
 To study Thy desire;
 Come and Thy work complete,
 Our feeble hearts inspire.

Inspire our feeble hearts,
 To carry out Thy will.
 The fear of man departs.
 When we, Thy laws, fulfill.
 Help us, dear Lord, intent,
 To glorify Thy name;
 The Son Himself was sent,
 To emphasize Thy claim.

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